

Emancipation of Turkish Women

BY GENAIL BEY BASHLINDA

The election of the deputy for Bagdad, Ismail Hakkî Bey Basansada, as Minister of Public Instruction, has greatly raised the hopes and aspirations of the Turkish women, and placed them in the position of a more active and useful factor in the nation. There is every reason to believe that their expectations will be realized, if not completely, yet in a very marked degree.

Hakkî Bey is a young man of a liberal and open mind; however, not in the sense of Western civilization (European methods of liberalism) but in the sense of Turkey at the present juncture of her development, but in what seems for the moment a more appropriate sense of progress on national lines of Ottomanism. He is a cultured lawyer, an ardent patriot and politician, and although he lacks the necessary amount of practical experience, he possesses comprehensive knowledge of the real needs of his country and a keen desire for advancement and improvement.

Perhaps in no other country can the Minister of Public Instruction do so much for the cause of the emancipation of the fair sex as in the Ottoman Empire, and this not only because of the need of proper education for women, so great and the rapid progress so blindly tyrannical, but principally because scarcely anywhere else are the women themselves so ready to receive the advantages and benefits of liberty and freedom from the shackles of antiquated practices and customs.

The intrepid hanoums women have already done a great deal towards the realization of their modern aspirations and ideals. It is not yet sufficiently known abroad what splendid and heroic part they played in the last bloodless revolution of Turkey. It is not too much to say that had it not been for their courage and self-sacrificing spirit, the revolution would have been a failure. They have played during the political upheavals of the last two years a part which would have been the possession of the most intrepid soldiers of the world. They have supplied large sums of money for the movement; they acted as secretaries, they have been in the front lines, kept up to the very last intimate correspondence with the immediate encouragement of the Red Sultan, and in many cases suffered tremendous imprisonment, and even death, for the great cause of the liberation of their country.

Why Are Women Jealous?

BY MILE. HELENE MIROPOLSKY,
FRANCE'S FIRST WOMAN LAWYER.

Why are women jealous? Why, because they are! And no other reason you find as good as mine.

There are some women who are jealous, and others who are not. The women who are jealous pass through terrible moments until the day when their suspicion becomes a certainty. In the case of the woman who is not jealous, the suspicion is a mere shadow, and she is not aware of it. In the case of the woman who is jealous, the suspicion is a reality, and she is aware of it.

Jealousy is a very common emotion, and it is one that is often misunderstood. It is not a sign of weakness, nor is it a sign of madness. It is a sign of a woman's love, and it is a sign of a woman's pride. It is a sign of a woman's desire to be loved, and it is a sign of a woman's desire to be respected.

But if there are terrible moments for the jealous woman, there are also pleasant times. She enjoys her jealousy, and she enjoys the attention that it draws to her. She enjoys the feeling of being loved, and she enjoys the feeling of being valued. She enjoys the feeling of being needed, and she enjoys the feeling of being important.

It is said that a jealous woman is a woman who is not jealous. It is a paradox, but it is true. A woman who is not jealous is a woman who is not in love. A woman who is in love is a woman who is jealous. It is a simple truth, and it is a truth that is often forgotten.

It is also said that there is no greater suffering than that of living with a jealous wife. It is a cruel fate, and it is a fate that is often met. It is a fate that is often met by men who are not in love, and it is a fate that is often met by men who are not worthy of a woman's love.

There are many reasons why women are jealous, and there are many ways in which they can overcome their jealousy. It is a matter of self-control, and it is a matter of self-respect. It is a matter of understanding, and it is a matter of love. It is a matter of being a woman, and it is a matter of being a wife.

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people. One compared the state of Turkish women, say, of twenty or thirty years ago, with their position at present, and he was amazed at the place in their social and public standing. In their family relationships, in their attitude towards Western ideas of civilization, and in their whole general trend of practical and living.

The modern modifications in the external attire are already remarkable. The traditional dense black yashmak (veil) is now a thing of the past. The majority of the women are now so frantically seen through them. A large number of Turkish women walk about with their faces uncovered. The forehead, or uncovered face, has also undergone many changes of late years. It is seldom as wide and as low as it once was. It is now seldom hides the outlines of the face. Frequently, too, one encounters a modern belt over the female.

There can be no doubt that, in due course of time, Turkish women will be allowed to dress like their sisters of the West. Liberal-minded statesmen, like the new Minister of Public Instruction, will see that this is accomplished.

Not less striking is the progress of Turkish women made of late in their social intercourse and social amenities. It is a frequent sight at present to meet a hanoum and an official, who is not her husband or brother, promenade together or driving in a carriage.

At social gatherings and functions of the European section of the population it is not now at all rare to meet Turkish women mixing with men. Only a very short time ago I had the pleasure of actually shaking hands at a fashionable gathering with the sister of a well-known high state official.

In matters of education much laudable activity is being developed by the Turkish government, as well as by the hanoums themselves. Some patriotic Turkish women have combined to create in Constantinople an institution for girls where domestic economy will be taught by European teachers. Of course, in all this, as in matters of education generally, there is still a great lack of system and proper comprehension, but this will be remedied in time, as the Turkish women are rapidly awakening to their possibilities and responsibilities.

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The Influence of Tolstoy Upon Japan

BY NEMIROVITCH DANTCHENKO.

Tolstoy's influence on the literature of all countries is so evident and plain a fact that no one would think of disputing it, and authors of all nationalities have already begun to analyze the magnitude of his influence in each country. I shall endeavor to show the extent of his influence upon the literature of Japan.

In the country of the rising sun Leo Tolstoy has played almost the same part as in the West. In the day of the sixties, our "Three Musketeers," the heroes of Marlinski and Stenkiwicz, are pygmies compared to the powerful heroes of the Japanese legends. Even in the day of the sixties, the heroes of the Samsonovs who have driven back whole armies with the jawbone of an ass, are not so much as the heroes of the schools and from which the young people studied history. We find the most terrible exaggerations and improbabilities in text and illustrations.

We see one of these heroes penetrating into the center of the hostile army, destroying thousands with a fan. Another standing fire-proof in the midst of a mass of flames makes the heads of his enemies fly off by the hundred. Still another in fighting three fabulous monsters that go down before him in spite of their hundreds of arms and heads.

The Japanese are intelligent, but still they believe all these stories as if they were gospel truth. We Russians have already had our revenge over the Japanese. They have beaten us on the yellow fields of Manchuria, but they have in turn been vanquished and conquered by the Russian literature. And the foremost leader of this literature was its creator, Tolstoy.

It is difficult to imagine how powerful has been his influence over our enemies of yesterday, our doubtful friends of to-day. Wherever I have been in Japan—and I have scoured the country from end to end—the same question has been asked me by all I met; every one wanted to hear news of Tolstoy. I soon grew used to it.

The young writers of Nippon said to me, "How Tolstoy's books killed all that was false and lying in our literature." After reading his novels it would have been impossible for us to return to our old phantastic tales, our impossible exaggerated heroes. He has taught us to love the truth in life, the peace and happiness of the people. It is the dream of his young girls to be like his heroines. He belongs to us as much as he belongs to you.

The death of the great writer is like the death of the sun. It is the shedding of its light all over the world. Everywhere, all over the world are felt the rays of his genius. The sun has set, but with his thoughts, like thousands of rays, will illuminate the saddest hearts of humanity educated by him. Without distinction of race or creed, and the further we progress in time the closer his ideas will get to men and what to-day seems to be only the dream of a great mind, will to our descendants be a reality.

Across many centuries Tolstoy will speak to humanity of the future and the future generations will send their children to kneel at the humble grave of Yasnaya Polyana of the prophet and savior of the period when Russian freedom was born.

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When Self Sacrifice Is a Sin

By MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

Let us always be ready to offer, when it is necessary, our wealth and our time; may even our life to our less fortunate brethren, making them an exceptional gift of a few exceptional hours, but let us at the same time remember that we are not bound to neglect our own happiness and all that enlivens our life, in sole preparation for these few exceptional hours of greater or smaller devotion.

The truest morality tells us to cling, above all, to the duties that return every day; to acts of inexhaustible brotherly kindness. And thus considered, we find that in the everyday walk of life the solitary thing we can ever distribute among those who march by our side, be they joyful or weeping, is the confidence, strength, the freedom and peace of our soul.

Let the humblest of men, therefore, never cease to cherish and lift up his soul, even as though he were fully convinced that this soul of his should one day be called to console or gladden a God. When we think of preparing our soul for the day of our death, we are better than he who has a mission divine.

In this domain only and on this condition, can there be pre-eminence sacrifice. When the great soul, the gift of a Socrates or Marcus Aurelius—who lived many lives, for many times they compassed their whole life in the service of others—let us say, times more than that which could be given by him who had never stepped over the threshold of consciousness.

Sacrifice is a beautiful token of unrest; but unrest should not be nurtured within us for the sake of itself. To the soul that is slowly awakening all appears sacrifice, but few things in deed are so called by the soul that at last lives the life whereof self-de-

nial, pity, devotion, are no longer indispensable roots, but only invisible flowers.

For in truth too many do thus feel the need of destroying—though it be without cause—a happiness, love, or a hope that is ours, thereby to obtain clearer vision of self in the light of the consuming flame. It is as though they held in their hand a lamp of whose use they know nothing.

Let us beware lest we act as he did in the fable, who stood watch in the lighthouse, and gave to the poor in the cabins about him the oil of the mighty lanterns that served to illumine the sea. Every soul in its sphere has charge of a lighthouse, for which there is more or less need.

The humblest mother who allows her whole life to be crushed, to be saddened, absorbed, by the less important of her motherly duties, is giving her oil to the poor; and her children will suffer, the whole of their life, from the fact that she has never been able to give them the light of her own soul.

The immortal force that shines in our heart, must shine, first of all, for itself; for on this condition alone shall it shine for the others as well; but see that you give not away the oil of your lamp, though you may have a thousand times more than that which could be given by him who had never stepped over the threshold of consciousness.

It is not by self-sacrifice that justice comes to the soul; that as the soul becomes loftier, sacrifice fades out of sight, as the flowers in the valley disappear from the vision of him who toils up the mountain.

Sacrifice is a beautiful token of unrest; but unrest should not be nurtured within us for the sake of itself. To the soul that is slowly awakening all appears sacrifice, but few things in deed are so called by the soul that at last lives the life whereof self-de-

Often indeed will it so come about that the very first ray of enlightenment will descend on the commonplace soul the day it has met with another which took all that it had to give.

Why not admit that it is our paramount duty to weep with all those who are weeping, to suffer with all who are suffering, to make our heart the passer-by for him to cross or stab. Tears and suffering and wounds are helpful to us only when they do not discourage our hope.

Let us never forget that whatever our mission may be in this world, whatever the aim of our efforts and our work, we must not lose sight of the fact that we find the only fixed point of human morality.

Life has been given us—for a reason, for a purpose, for a goal. Let us not, therefore, but surely not for us to enfeeble it, or carelessly fling it away.

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